

THE 11658 g. 45
SHOE-HEEL:

A
RHAPSODY.

By Mr. MITCHELL. (Joseph)

*Dicam insigne recens, adhuc
Indictum Ore alio. - - - -*

Hor.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T H O. ASTLEY, at the *Dolphin and Crown*
in *St. Paul's Church-Yard.* 1727.



K



You

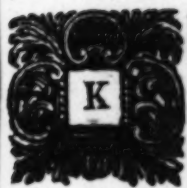


TO THE

Right HONOURABLE

The Lord Viscount

KILLMOREY.



KILLMOREY, Chief of long ennobled

Blood!

Young, and yet wise! and, tho' a Gallant,

Good!

A 2

Last,

DEDICATION.

Last, but not least of Patrons to a Bard,
Who never *basely* buckled for *Reward*;
Never to *Fools* or *Knaves* inglorious bow'd,
Flatter'd the Vulgar *Great*, nor coax'd the
the abject *Crowd*.

To such a *Bard*, distinguishably odd !
Permission grant to deviate from the *Mode* :
Let your lov'd MITCHELL offer you his *Lays*,
Unstain'd by venal, prostituted, Praise,

He,



DEDICATION.

He highly favour'd, but presumes to bring
The Strains Yourself inspir'd his Muse to sing;
Thoughts on an humble Theme, in Verse
unchim'd,

By your own Influence happily sublim'd!

So PHILIPS sung: Your Poet *eyes* his Muse,
As distant, *He*, great MILTON's Track pursues,
No trivial Task to keep such Worth in View:
But great, indeed, to be indulg'd by *You*!

Whose

DEDICATION.

Whose Morn of Life, like other's Noon, appears!

Mature in Glory, while but green in Years!

Improve the Age's Wonder and Delight:

But can a human Mind be more divinely
bright?

In vain, my *Lord*, in foreign Courts you
roam - - -

You carried greater Excellence from Home.

In your Deportment, we behold, at once,

The boasted Charms of *ITALY* and *FRANCE*.

Places

DEDICATION.

Places and *Things*, unseen, you may explore,

But learn no *Virtues* strange to you before;

No nobler Manners, no politer Turn!

Nothing that more KILLMOREY can adorn.

O may your Life be *Heaven's* peculiar Care,

And, for *BRITANNIA's* sake, her *Hope* and

Glory spare!

While, doom'd to narrow Bounds, and

humble State,

In vain your *Poet* tries to temper Fate:

Capri-

DEDICATION.

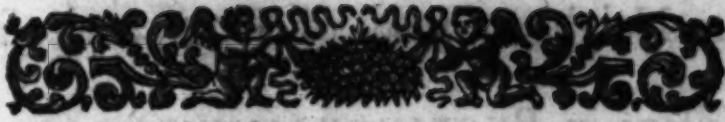
Capricious *Fortune* down his Genius weighs,
And feeds his Muse with unsubstantial Praise,
But STAIR and WALPOLE promise better Days,
By Them, that fickle *Goddeſs* fix'd, may yet
Smile on his Labours, and enrich his Wit.
The Time approaches, I the Day foreſee,
When MITCHELL worth *ten thousand Pounds*
shall be!

In *Coach* and *Chariot*, loll away his Cares!
Nor need a *Cobler* - - - but for *Flanders Mares*!

LONDON,
May, 1726.

MITCHELL.

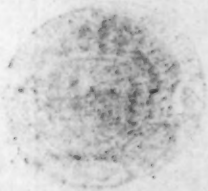




THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READERS.



THE Occasion of this Poem was
real. In *July* 1723, the Au-
thor of it had the Misfortune to
break the *Heel* off of one of his *Shoes*,
as he climb'd over an opponent *Style*, in
the



the Neighbourhood of IVER, a pleasant Village in BUCKINGHAMSHIRE : On his Return to his *Patron's* Residence (which at that Time happen'd to be *There*) the *Shoe* was doctor'd by one KILLINGSWORTH, *Cobler in ordinary* to the Country People. While the *Cobler* was at work with his *Awl* and *Hempen Threads*, the *Poet* was indulging his Genius in the following *Rhapsody*. The Subject and Circumstance of this Piece, being un- touch'd by both *antient* and *modern* Bards,



Bards, it may be called an *Original*:

Notwithstanding, the Author modestly

owns, he had PHILIPS's *Splendid Shilling*

in his View. Though MILTON is the

Chief of *English* Poets, who has shook off

the servile Yoke of *Rhime*; and may

therefore be accounted the great *Pattern*,

which our TRAFs, BUCKLYS, NEW-

COMBS, THOMSONS, &c. labour to imi-

tate in serious and sublime Poefy; yet

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS is the most confi-

derable of Those, who have attempted to add Importance and Dignity to small and trifling Subjects. KING, COBB, GAY, and the like, who have endeavoured to hit the *solemn Burlesque*, and to raise great Images upon trifling Occasions, appear but distant Imitators of his Art. It must be own'd, that to raise Flowers and Fruits on a barren Soil, requires a masterly Skill: Every Poet is not equal to such an arduous Task.

Task. One may describe the *Seasons*,
and Sing of *Heroes*, not amiss, who yet
cou'd not make any Thing of a *Shilling*,
or a *Shoe-Heel*. Had BOILEAU never
sung the LUTRIN, POPE a *Lock of Hair*,
and GARTH the *Dispensary*, perhaps the
World had never bestow'd on them that
Applause, which they are now deservedly
possessed of. Imagination and Invention
are the Soul of Poetry; and scanty Sub-
jects are the best Touchstones of Genius
and

and Inspiration. Our Author neither affects much Fame, nor thinks he deserves it: But I have heard him say, (and I think he was in the Right) that, this Piece hath more Beauties in it, than every *Reader* can discern; and merits more Praise, than most *Criticks* will bestow. One Thing I (for all I am but a Bookfeller) will affirm, is, that as He sings but *plain Fact*, He is little indebted to *Poetick Licence*; and, if HOMER,

MARO,

MARO, and MILTON, were stripp'd of their ornamental *Fictions* and *Probabilities*, and restricted to absolute *Truth* and *Simplicity*, perhaps ACHILLES, ÆNEAS, and LUCIFER, would make as indifferent a Figure in their *Epick*, as KILLINGSWORTH does in our *Mitchellian* Lays.

But, be these Things as they may, if you, Readers, like this Piece, and I find

it

viii *The* BOOKSELLER, &c.

it takes well, we shall be all well pleased: Ye will be agreeable entertained, the Author receive additional Fame, and I find good Business.





THE
SHOE-HEEL:
A
RHAPSODY.



ALL fare the Miscreant, who, to Mischief
prone,
In fatal Hour, by Star malignant rul'd,
"The whole World's Crimes appropriating, first,
Invented *Styles*, dire Structures ! to oppose
And break the peaceful Course of Passengers

B

In

In rural Fields. The Wretch, by Heav'n abandon'd,
 Had studied long, and try'd ten thousand Sins
 Of blackest Dye, ere this curs'd Art was found,
 To thoughtful Men eternally a Plague.
 This, whilom wandering by fair *Iver's* Stream,
 Across the Meads, unwary, I experienc'd;
 For, (wonderful to tell!) as stradling o'er
 A Log, that high above its Fellows rais'd
 Its Head inglorious, sudden slipp'd my Foot,
 And, from my Shoe, its Heel attendant forc'd,
 Deplorable! A Step of Danger full!
 So had it prov'd to my important Limbs,
 But that they're sacred, as my Muse, inspir'd

What



A Rhapsody.

3

With Thoughts of Virtue, and KILLMOREY's House.

Bless'd House! where Plenty and Content abound.

And He, young *Peer*, the Shame of hoary Years,

And Standard of Nobility, vouchsafes

Friendship to Bards. O may he ever live

His Country's Blessing, and its Boast renown'd!

This be my Morning and my Evening Prayer.

Of him, most grateful Theme! my Thoughts were

full,

As from the *Style*, astonied, erst I fell,

Yet rose unhurt --- Such was the Care of Heav'n!

B 2

So



So to be fav'd, I'll ever have such Thoughts,
And to KILLMOREY consecrate the Muse.

Had Vice employ'd my Mind, or any Theme
Less worthy than that *Peer*, of Parts egregious!
My Neck itself, in Twain disjoin'd, had then
Vented last Breath. Terrifick Thought! Alone,
And unassisted, had I left the Stage,
Stripp'd of my mortal Garments, immature;
And, on the Banks of *Iver's* chrystal Stream,
My Ghost had murmur'd with the rolling Tide,
Incessant! dismal Consort to my Friends,
Shou'd any Friends my Funeral survive
Thou

A Rhapsody.

5

Thou, STUART, Friend select, wou'dst then have
wept

O'er my benighted Corps; and seen it laid,
With due Decorum, in a solemn Vault,
From Eyes and Hands, unhallowed, far apart.
Near fair STUARTA, too soon faded Flow'r,
Sister of MURRAY's Earl, Great *Scotian* Chief,
In Church of *Iver*, consecrated Ground,
My stranger Clay might decently have lain,
Pacifick, till the dreadful Trumpet's Sound
Summon the Dead to Judgment, Great Assize!
To Sons of Men eternally momentous!

Mean

Mean while, KILLMOREY, generous Lord, had
deign'd

To wait my Hearse, and see due Honours paid

To Bard, late lov'd. Nor had'st ev'n Thou, MARIA,

Pattern of Virtue and refin'd Behaviour,

Deny'd thy condescending Grace. Perhaps

Thy *Female Offspring*, heavenly Fair! had join'd

Maternal Pity; and vouchsaf'd, lamenting,

To say of me, "He dy'd, alas, too soon,

"And merited a better Fate." Sweet Words

From Lips more Sweet! so to be prais'd and mourn'd,

What Poet would not die? blest'd Elegy,

Inspir'd by Excellence so near Divine! Yet

A Rhapsody.

7

Yet stop, my Fancy -- the Idea pains:
'Tis better far, that I the Danger 'scap'd,
Exulting: Ev'n my Ankle is unsprain'd!
Only like a lame Traveller, o'er the Fields,
Darkling, I hopp'd. So MULCIBER, of Old,
(As HOMER, Sire of Verse, majestick, sings)
Limp'd as he walk'd; for thrown by angry *Jove*,
Sheer o'er the chrystal Battlements of Heav'n
A Summer's Day he fell, and in the Fall
Batter'd his Skull and Heel on *Lemnian* Ground.
This VULCAN was a God! a Mortal I,

By

By Birth--- But deathless, by the Muse, confirm'd.
As heal'd, by *Sinthians He*, so was my Shoe,
By KILLINGSWORTH, at *Iver* much Renown'd :
Cobler in Chief to the laborious Swains !
To him, Great Man ! did soon a trusty *Page*,
Eager t'oblige a Bard (for all Domesticks
Of Lord KILLMOREY, boast a Taste refin'd)
Convey my Calches. He, well-skill'd in Art,
In Minutes few, in perfect Union join'd
The sever'd Parts. So whilom ANNA spoke
Discordant Kingdoms into lasting Peace.

O may

A Rhapsody.

9

O may kind Powr's his pious Pains reward,
And soon distorted Muscles of his * Wife,
(Of which my broken Calches was a Type
Prophetick,) be replac'd ! prodigious Chasm
In Female Mould ! So yawn'd *Rome's* Forum wide,
'Till CURTIUS, noble Youth ! jump'd in, undaunted.
But KILLINGSWORTH, heroick Youngster, forth
From Orifice wide, discontinuous, broke ;
Promise of future Usefulness to Men !

* *Mrs. Killingsworth* was deliver'd of a young Cocker, the very Night after her Husband had mended the Poet's Shoe. Such was the Will of Fate !

C

Offspring

Offspring immortal, of a deathless Sire,
 O'er rev'rend * CRISPIN's self Superior fam'd;
 Or † him, who, whistling, happy in his Stall,
 Eighth HARRY, Royal Rambler, erst observ'd,
 Envious, astonish'd; and ambitious, won,
 By means of Shoe, by regal Force unheel'd,
 To Friendship high. Such shou'd the Friendship be
 Of Kings and Coblers. So great HARRY judg'd,
 And to a Cellar call'd his lov'd Compeer;

* The tutelar Saint and Patron of *Coblers* in *Popish* Countries. No doubt, the Man had been extremely devout in his *Stall*, and wrought *Miracles* with his *Awl* and *Hemp* Threads.

† Pity his Name is not recorded in our *Chronicles*. The Curious may see the History at large in a little Treatise, entitled, *The History of the King and the Cocker*, adorn'd with *Cuts*.

A Rhapsody.

11

For Wine reveals and joins the Hearts of Men.
Social they drank, and laugh'd, and talk'd and sung;
Nor parted, till, in homely Hall, a Pot
Of nappy Ale, twice ten Years barrell'd up,
And *Anno Domini* with Rev'rence nam'd,
Was quaff'd. But JOAN, of Fellowship the Bane,
Waking from Sleep, and grumbling, drove the *Prince*
To Court, reluctant: Yet not ere join'd Hands
Sanction'd the mutual Promise of true Love
And Friendship lasting. Soon to Court the Son
Of CRISPIN hied, a City Beau! to find
His HARRY TUDOR; not without Consent,

C 2

Who

(Who wou'd have thought it?) of imperious JOAN!
But Wives sometimes, are christianly dispos'd!
Can Language tell the Cobler's vast Surprize,
Terrors, Distraction, when in Royal Robes
He found his Fellow? but divested soon
Of Majesty and State, to Cellar rich,
Th' indulgent *Prince* the welcom Fav'rite led,
And drank him up to Sov'reignty of Soul!
Fit Partner and Companion then confest!
Mirth was renew'd, and Friendship faster bound,
Nor stop'd Great HARRY, till fair forty Marks,
Huge Pension then! were settled on the Man
Of Gentle Craft. Example take, ye Kings;
And

And wisely chuse the Fav'rites of your Grace.

Merit, like Air, is unconfin'd and free,

But most in Stalls and humble Huts abounds.

This weighing well, I, more than mortal Bard,

Havemade a Friend of KILLINGSWORTH, renown'd;

Ne'er may the Union of our Hearts be broke.

Vain Fear! while *Iver* nappy Ale affords;

Or various Wines KILLMOREY's Cellar stores.

Hadst thou, O PHILIPS, Bard prodigious! found

A *Taylor*, dextrous as my *Cobler*, ne'er

Had Verse of thine the horrid Chasm confess'd

Of *Galligaskins*; at which Winds alternate

With

With chilling Blasts, tumultuous, enter'd in,
Oft, as I read thy live Description, Tears
My Cheeks bedew ; and, oft, I curse the Times,
And Taste of Men, who suffer'd Thee to sing
Thy Woes so rueful ! Had I flourish'd then,
My Coat, my Shirt, had freely gone to Pawn,
To purchase *Galligaskins* sound for Thee,
Long, very long, may I th' Affliction scape !
And Cash or Credit find t' appear Abroad,
Decent in Dress ! ne'er may my leathern Bag,
Or filken Purse, a splendid Shilling want.
Twice ten fair Pieces, Residue of Cash

By

A Rhapsody.

15

By generous STAIR, on Fav'rite Bard bestow'd,
Enrich'd my Fob, and cheer'd the grateful Muse,
When whilom KILLINGSWORTH, with Art ingenious,
Doct'or'd my Shoe --- HOMER, had ne'er so much !
A Sterling Pound, how rare the Poets Boast,
In Iron Age, when Patrons rise as rare,
As Peaches, in rough Hyperborean Climes,
And ope their Coffers bounteous to the Muse,
As Priests to Parish Poor distribute Alms ;
Or *Presbytry* fair * Testimonials gives

* The Presbytery of *Edinburgh*, where the Author sometime studied to be a Parson, refus'd him their Testimony and Licence, because he had read and recommended Dramatick Poetry, and wou'd not believe and pronounce the Stage to be *in itself absolutely unlawful, and an Abomination in the Eyes of the Lord.*

To

To free-born Genius, and Wit unflav'd.
Tremendous Zeal of *Kirk-men*, blindly urg'd
Against Heav'ns Gift, and Providence Supreme!
Such I experienc'd, in my youthful Days,
Where Love of Poesy was deem'd a Crime,
By blind Prosaick Leaders of the Blind;
Source of the Sorrows I have felt, or feel,
In Life! Thee BALLANDINE, how shall I thank
For Cash, or Credit, Liberty, or Breath?
In future Ages thou shalt live in Song,
TARTUF the Second : ---- This thy Merits claim,
And I th'Arrears to Merit due will pay.

But

But stop, my Muse, thy Course digressive here,
Nor KILLINGSWORTH with BALLANDINE profane,
By Episode, unwary, hurried far:
Joyous, I turn to hail the *Cobler's Art*,
And, in my Verse, emblaze his proper Acts,
Momentuous! May I ne'er debase the Theme!
O cou'd my Muse pursue th' Example bright!
As well-beat Leather, strong shou'd be my Sense,
And sharp, as Awls, my Wit. His hempen Threads
No surer stitch the Chasms of broken Soles,
Than my Connexion, nervous, firm my Strains,
And fit my Labours for eternal Use.

D

But

But I, alas! at Distance far, unskill'd,
Copy the Pattern of great KILLINGSWORTH,
Unrivall'd *Cobler*! what *Physician* fam'd,
ARBUTHNOT, MEAD, or SLOAN, with like Success,
Can cure the human Body, spent with Toil,
Or worn with Age? Well were it for the Town,
Could'st thou, St. ANDRE, of upstart'd Fame!
Or Thou, O DOUGLAS! dislocated Bones
Rejoin, secure; or broken Limbs restore
To pristine Soundness, as ingenious He,
Sudden and cheap, renews decrepit Shoes,
Or stops an Orifice in leathern Boots!

Thou

Thou *R---n*, vers'd in *Ruptures* by Receipt,
And deem'd a Doctor for thy want of Skill,
Why rid'st thou in gilt Chariot, while a-Foot
Great KILLINGSWORTH, in Art and Virtue grey,
Is doom'd, alas! to trudge it all in Rags?
Well for the Church, that WAKE and HOADLY,
 fam'd,
By his Example, and unerring Method,
Cou'd cure the wounded Consciences of Men,
And heal the Souls of Sinners; direful Case!
But, O how blest'd, how happy were the Realm,
Did *Statesmen* learn of KILLINGSWORTH to act,

Preserve the Peace, and hoard no ill-got Wealth!

But GEORGE'S Reign, like old *Saturnian* Times,

Screens no malignant Mind, no Practice vile.

Thee, KILLINGSWORTH, no Subtlety perverts,

No Vanity, no Pride inflames. Thy Stall,

Sweet Seat! is void of Envy, Cares, and Strife.

There sitt'st Thou, arm'd with Hammer, Lench,

and Awl,

Within pacifick Walls enthron'd, and pleas'd:

So, in his Tub, DIOGENES was wont

To scorn the World, and feast on calm Content.

O how unlike was he, of LUDGATE-HILL!
Whose Pride, elate, by * *Bickerstaff* expos'd,
Is *Satyr* pointed at all Ranks of of Men,
Fantaisiek, and high-fum'd. This *Artist*, vain,
Great Lover of Respect, (aloof from him,
Fateful, alas! with-held,) the Figure of a *Beau*
In Window plac'd; vile *Sycophant* of Wood,
Bending profound to pay unmeant Respect.
Under left Arm a Hatt; and, in right Hand
Of Arm extended, was some Wax, or Thread,

* See the *Tattler*, Nub. 127.

Or Candle held, as most the *Master's* Use
Avail'd. O strange *Idolatry* inverted !
In which the Image to the Man did Homage !
But Earth abounds with his upheav'd Compeers.
All meditate Dominion, and wou'd rule
O'er Birds, or Beasts, or their own Kind, tyrannick.
Each Mortal from Inferiors looks for Praise,
Observance, or Submission, to Desert
Imagin'd due ; for none in Question calls
His proper Merit, and superior Right
To Rev'rence ; nor but scantling, cease Emprize
Enormous, proud Ambition's End to reach.

. Curs'd

Curs'd Affectation of despotick Sway!
Of human Nature, Reason, Sense, the Bane,
Reproach, Disgrace! on Folly founded still!
By Puffs of Flatt'ry oft to Madness blown!
But most absurd in Minds of low Degree,
Heav'n-doom'd to Darkness, and Oblivion dire.
Such this Invention, upon LUDGATE-HILL,
Of *Cobler*, erst *anonymous*. In *Cits*
Of humblest Rank, and weakest Brain, Conceit
Reigns lawless, insolent; and through all Steps
Of Greatness, may be trac'd, infuriate. But
Exempt from this Disease, wide spreading, stands

Wife

Wise KILLINGSWORTH : Nor human Nature he,
Nor Gentle Craft disfigures : Ever Calm,
Modest and Meek, his peerless Mind controlls
Secret Resentment, Seeds of Self-Esteem,
And Passions that make Havock of the Brain.
Let Young and Old, the Rich and Poor observe
The Pattern rare ; so shall they 'scape Contempt
Or BEDLAM, natural Consequence of Pride,
Dire Prologue to a World of Woes, Hell-bred.

Why, O my Stars, was I not made a Cobler?
A Trade unfordid ! Tricking Mortals, learn

To

To coble Shoes, and let the World grow good.
Ye Jobbers, Jews, and Brokers, O be taught
To deal upright, as KILLINGSWORTH directs
By Pattern honest. Let Attorneys quit
Their Pettifogging Arts, and leave Mankind
To follow Nature, Equity's great Friend.
Justice, and Law, and Peace, are best maintain'd
By Reason plain and pure. These, ever sound,
No Cobling need; or but few Sages wise
In good Repair to keep the Commonweal.
O when will Men improve the Trade of Truth,

E

Know

Know their own Strength, and use their Talents
right !

Discern, ye Scriblers, O discern your Skill,
Your proper Genius, and betimes apply
Your Talents, studious, to Creation's End.
For me, I'd rather serve a Swain for Hire,
And purchase Bread according to the Curse
Of ADAM, fall'n from Grace, than plague Mankind
With senseless Metre ; or ev'n shine renown'd
In noble Verse, for all Things else unfit ;
In all Things else unskill'd. Condition dire !
So great ACHILLES, in th' *Elysian* Scenes,

Preferr'd

Preferr'd a Life of Abstinence and Toil,
Before Dominion o'er unbody'd Shades.

O Happiness of humble State and Rank !
Sweet Industry, the Child of sacred Virtue !
How blest'd is Life, sequester'd from the Town,
Where one eternal Round of Hurry reigns.
In humble Greatness KILLINGSWORTH grows old,
Happy, and useful to his Neighb'ring Swains,
A Loyal Subject, and a Churchman true !
Yet both by Chance - - for he's above Design :
Assur'd that bold Enquiry might disturb

His Halcyon Ease, and Primitive Repose.

Whatever Mischief happens on the Earth,

In his Asylum, 'midst his Tools involopt,

Safe, he remains, and, unconcern'd, is blest :

So while rough Thunder rends the dark'ning Clouds,

And dreadful Bolts their furious Forces waste

On tow'ring Hills, the humble Plain, secure,

Mocks the loud Roar, and Heav'n's Artillery

'scapes.

Were I to have my Choice (but ah ! my Stars

Look with ill Aspect, and deny my Wish,)

Near

Near *Iver's* Stream of Waters most Supreme!
A Residence I'd chuse, best Boon of Heav'n!
Such *Cobler's-Hall* delectable appears,
Rare Product of ingenious Skill and Toil
Of KILLINGSWORTH, Sire to the boasted Man,
Whom fain my Muse wou'd imitate and praise.
Happy KILLMOREY, who, in *Cobler's-Hall*,
Enjoy'st *Elysium*. But that Thou dwellest there,
I'd covet that Abode, of rural Seats
Pre-eminent. Yet *Me*, an humble Bard,
An humbler House may please. A narrow Room
May serve my Rank : But let me have it neat,

And

And clean, ye Gods, tho' but one Chair, or Stool,
 Stand by the Table --- and let Sheets be savoury,
 And Landlady not fluttish, nor severe,
 As whilom G --- R, Parson's Relict prov'd
 To R --- T and B --- N, who fair *Iver* chose
 For Residence. Good Taste! to fix on *Iver*:
 But too hard Fate! to meet ill Usage there.
 Yet, cheer, fair Ladies, and recal to Mind,
 How, ev'n in Seats celestial, Discord rose
 Thro' Pride of LUCIFER, of Rebels Chief,
 Whom Pow'r Almighty, (so great MILTON sings)
 Hurl'd headlong, flaming, from th' Ethereal Sky

With

With hideous Ruin and Combustion, down
To bottomless Perdition, there to dwell
In adamantyne Chains, and penal Fire.

Save us, good Heav'n, from such a dire Extreme
Of Crime and Vengeance--- Fate of Souls abandon'd
Of Grace! But, shun, my Muse, the dismal Thought,
Nor with horrifick Images confound
*I*ver, the Scene of Pleasure and of Love,
My Residence desir'd. There lodg'd, I'd pass
My flying Years, from Noise and Hurry free,
O'er all my Passions watchful, and supreme!

As

As from the snowy Tops of *Alpine* Hills,
I'd view the spacious Sea of human Woes,
Pitying and pleas'd. Oh sacred heav'nly Life,
Undash'd with Cares, or Spleen; and wrapt secure
In ornamental Virtues, Garment rare!
Thus shou'd my Years, in grateful Circle, rowl,
And fair shou'd be my Character and Fame,
Fair as the new-fall'n Snow, or whiter Skin
Of Curate's Daughter, *Jane*, an *Iver* Toast!
Tho', to adorn my Head, no Bays arise,
The peaceful Olive shou'd content my Mind.
Instead of marble Pillars, I'd survey

Tall

Tall Pyramids of Cypress Ever-green ;
And in the Place of arch'd and gilded Roofs,
Contemplate Heaven's great Canopy of State.
Forgetful, THORNHILL, of thy Light and Shade,
Thy blended Colours, artfully dispos'd,
My Eyes wou'd feast on variegated Scenes,
And Prospects, form'd by Nature for Delight ;
Palmes, Myrtle-Groves, green Valleys, Mountains,
Hills,
And bubbling Streams, as Crystal clear, and cold
As *Thracian* Ice, through flow'ry Meads, dispers'd,
Should more than make amends for want of Art,

On Canvas drawn by thy ingenious Hand.
Content with Little, and retir'd from Crowds,
My Stock of Wit I would not misapply,
To flatter Fools, or wicked Men in Pow'r.
Domeftick Troubles too I'd wisely fhun,
And rather fly, like J - - - N, Bard of Beef!
To an aërial Citadel, well-pleas'd,
Than in first Floor of sumptuous Shew reside
With Dame contentious. So, in holy Writ,
Avers the Wisdom of the wisest Man,
High SOLOMON, of *Israel* erst the King:
His *Song of Songs* I'd oft repeat, enraptur'd:

And

And oft, O C---LL, thy *Circassian* read,
Of Verse politest It, of *Priests* thy self!
Oft wou'd I drown dull Thought in homely Ale
Of Country *Vicar*. Oft with honest Swains,
On quaint Expressions and Conundrums keen,
I'd whiff Tobacco, grateful Herb! yet ne'er
Wou'd I lose Time with *Master*, whom Estate
And want of Wit, makes Coxcomb, Booby bred:
He with strong Beer and Ale the Country rules,
By long hereditary Right of Folly.
I love the Simple, Jovial Swains, --- but tremble
At Sight of Fools. So, with her Hairs erect,

And chilly Sweat, OPHELIA, harmless Soul!
Beholds a Rat, or Mouse, a-cross the Floor
Scud fleet, or sculk in Closet dark perdue.
Me no deep Veneration does inspire
For eldest Sons of Squires, with Coats broad-lac'd,
That smell like Civet Cats. Come not, my Soul,
Into their Habitation; nor again
Ride out by Five, and pass half Days fatigu'd,
With T---, like *Nimrod*, mighty Huntsman, there.
Why should my Pleasure issue in Fatigue?
Such prov'd the Sport, when whilom with thy

Hounds

And

And *Thee*, I beat the neighbouring Thickets round
Fair *Iver* many a Mile, prodigious Task!

And all in vain, --- but that I found a Crab,
Apple delicious to a thirsty Palate!

In Fields of Lady MONTAGUE yclip'd.

So, to a Traveller o'er *Numidian* Wastes,

A Stream proves Luxury! exhausted quite,

And tir'd, he takes the Fortune of the Chase,

Whether in quest of Prey, the Desert wide,

He traverses, or seeks some distant Land.

Me long and tedious Courses never please :
Rather, for Recreation, let me walk
And exercise my Limbs ! and oft, O sweet !
Angle the River ! oft, o'er Birds unweete,n
Spread the delusive Net. Yet save me, Heaven,
From each Desire voluptuous and cruel ;
By Massacre of thy defenceless Creatures,
To feed my Maw, and make my self the Grave
Of Beasts, and Birds, and Fish, Creation's Pride.
For Sport, I'd catch 'em --- but to let 'em 'scape
Unhurt ! the short-liv'd Sorrow wou'd enhance
The joyous Boon of Liberty aerial.

Wife

Wise Men have idle Hours t' unbend their Minds,
 Turmoil'd with Cares and Studies, Flesh-corroding.
 From Books and Men, St. EVREMONT and STEEL,
 Lov'd Names and everlasting ! oft repair'd
 To fam'd DUCK-ISLAND, * Government desir'd,
 And with the feath'ry Habitants convers'd,
Hens, Ducks, and Geese, by crumbled Bread made
 social,
 And fatned for the Royal Board ; as erst
 (So *Romish* Legends tell, and *Dupes* believe)

* See the *Sine-Cure* : A Poetical Petition to the Right Honourable ROBERT WALPOLE Esq, for the Government of DUCK-ISLAND in St. JAMES's Park. By Mr. MITCHEL L.

With

With Gospel Food the * Jesuit fed the *Fish*
 Esurient, and confirm'd them in the Faith ;
 Fit Dishes then for Table of the Saints ! —
 If Saints, Heav'n-shrin'd, in Delicates delight,
 Sav'ry to *Priests*, and *Cardinals*, and *Popes*,
 All Maw-devoted, tho' in Spirit pure !
Heroes and Kings, Philosophers and Bards,
 Great Souls ! sometimes regale themselves, unbent,
 With low Diversions, vulgarly yclip'd

* It is storied by *Popish* Writers, that when Men refused to hear and believe his Doctrine, the great St. ANTHONY of PADUA preach'd to a Congregation of *Fishes*, who greedily devour'd the Gospel, and were miraculously converted to the Faith. See ADDISON'S Travels.

Dishes

Dishes of Romps. AGESILAUS, erst
On *Hobby-Horse* astride with Children dear,
Was by th' Ambassadors of *Sparta* found,
Surpriz'd; but soon his Dignity resum'd.
Transition strange, but nat'ral to the Great!
SCIPIO and LELIUS, Noble, Brave, Polite,
Sought Moments vacant; and, with low Disport,
Varied Retirement, and their Friendship crown'd:
Oft on the Sea-shore would they gather *Shells*,
Amusive; and their Shape and Colour view;
As WOODWARD, curious Modern! or Sir HANS,
The unregarded Works of Nature eyes,

G

Enamour'd,

Enamour'd ; and by Trifling grows a *Sage* !
Trifling agreeable, by *TULLY* prais'd !
Stern *CATO*'s self descended oft to Glee,
Soul-cheering ; and, incellar'd with a Knot
Of honest Friends, wou'd put the Bottle round :
Frank and facetious. *ROME*'s imperial Lord
AUGUSTUS high, with *Moorish* Boys vouchsaf'd
To play at *Marbles*, Rival Game of *Taw*,
By Moderns us'd ! sweet Relaxation, That
From Government of all the World below.
But not among Amusements of the Great
Be nam'd *DOMITIAN*'s Exercise with *Flies*,

Ridi-

Ridiculous, horrifick. Far from Praise
Of hallow'd Muse be Princes and their Crimes,
To Virtue, Innocence, and Truth estrang'd,
Howe'er by *Parasites* deceitful, hail'd.
Ev'n in their Gambols, graceful are the Wife;
Their Condescensions elegant and lovely!
How amiable WALPOLE with his Friends,
His old, well-try'd, and honest Friends, retir'd
From publick State and Care! whether a Pot
Of sober *Porter* healthful *English* Drink,
Or *Punch* more potent, he vouchsafe to taste,
Social, good-humour'd; or a-Hunting rides,

Easy and free, as rural *Squire* unvers'd
In Policy and Government Sublime.

'Twou'd do one Good to see how I, ev'n I,

Bred on *Parnassus* Summit, condescend,

In Stall of KILLINGSWORTH, to low Chit-chat,

And, greatly humble, finger Threads and Wax,

And Awl, like one in Arts of cobbling skill'd!

We God-like Minds disdain not abject State,

By Virtue blest'd; and are the more rever'd,

The less tremendous we appear to Mortals.

Serv'd

Serv'd with clean Linnen, and with simple Fare;
I'd rise from Table, or from verdant Turf,
With Appetite to Study, or for Sport,
Variety, and new-found Dishes, I
Not covet: They bring on a noxious Train
Of foul Diseases on the human Frame;
And Bodies, so affected, clog the Mind,
Dire Influence! and urge untimely Death.
Rather I'd glut my Soul with Heav'nly Truths,
And Nature's Store, than pamper mortal Flesh.
But most in Conversation wou'd I joy
With STUART, of Companions most refin'd!

Or

Or thou, O WRIGHT, an honest Lawyer, vers'd
In Reason's School, should'st entertain my Ear
With Sentiments of Freedom, *British* Boast ;
And greedily thy Notions of the Priests,
In Craft accomplish'd, wou'd my Soul receive.
And, Oh ! how charming there, with antient Times,
Oft to converse ! Thy Trumpet, HOMER, now,
Now, OVID's Lute shou'd vary my Delight.
Thy Judgment MARO, and the Sterling Wit
Of HORACE, favourite Bard ! shou'd raise my Mind
To Rapture. And, when modern Names invite,
BUCHANAN, deathless Bard ! shou'd first engage

My

My Reverence : SHAKESPEAR, SPENCER, MILTON,

next ;

Nor Thee, harmonious COWLEY, wou'd I slight,

Nor DRYDEN, thee : No better Strains I'd court,

Nor better cou'd I find. Sometimes, my self,

By these inspir'd, wou'd string the gentle Lyre,

Perhaps awake the Trumpet, and sublime

My Strains, to Heav'n and to my Country due !

But, when Civility or just Respect

Obliges me to visit honest Friends,

Or neighbouring Dwellers, on a pacing Nag,

Sober, I'd make a Tour to WINDSOR now,

And

And now to UXBRIDGE. Thy *calm Seat, O BOOTH,
Pride of the *British* Stage, I'd not pass by,
Tho' DENNIS self, indignant, warn'd me thence.
Oft on the verdant Margin of the Stream,
That, circling flows, as Chrystal clear, along
The exterior Bounds of thy Inclosures fair,
I'd walk transported ! while thy Silver Tongue
More tuneful than the gently gliding Rills,
Thro' list'ning Ears, shou'd strike my ravish'd Soul,
And charm it into Extasie ! Nor wou'd

* Mr. Booth had a Country Seat at Cowley, which he has sold to Mr. Rich since this Poem was writ.

I pass

I pass thy Dwelling, Or ---, --- but that Rage

And Jealousy might seize thy manly Friend.

Me no base Thoughts possess: To shew Respect

Is all my Meaning. Shall a Bard not praise

The Beauty, Wit and Taste, he must admire!

Excellent *Actress*, follow Nature still,

Heedless of what the Cynick World can say.

So when soft VENUS conquer'd warlike MARS,

And, curling in his Arms, by *Vulcan's* Net,

Lay in dear Thralldom, every conscious God,

Who call'd it Shame, his happy Station wish'd,

And, in his Heart, pronounc'd it sweet Disgrace.

H

Thus

Thus wou'd I live, prepar'd for all Events
Of Fortune, and for Change or Loss of Friends ;
For all below is vain, as Shadows fleet.
And, when my merry Years and Days are gone,
(For Piety it self cannot withstand
Th' approach of wrinkled Age, and certain Death,)
I'd keep at Home, sollicitous to drop
Like Autumn Fruit, well-mellow'd, to the Earth,
My kindred and maternal Clay ! at Peace
With Heav'n, my Conscience, and Mankind, at once.
Yet wou'd I die before my Senses fail,
E're I grew irksom to my self and Friends,

Without

Without the Ceremony of a *Priest*,

Or Form of a *Physician*. Rather may

My Relatives invite to my Bed-Side

Sage KILLINGSWORTH, to witness how I leave

The World, by him despis'd : Or let a Choir

Of skill'd * *Musicians*, both for Voices fam'd,

And

* See Mr. MITCHEL's *Ode* on Musick, (first published *Anno Dom.* 1710.) In which are these Lines ;

----- *And when I die,*
For Love I bore to Harmony,
May round my Bed a Sacred Choir
Of skill'd Musicians sweep the Lyre ;
That, dying with the gentle Sounds,
My Soul, well-tun'd, may rise,
And break o'er all the common Bounds
Of Minds, that grovel here below the Skies.

And Instruments select. O! how well-tun'd
The Soul wou'd wing its Transports to the Skies!
How fitted join Society of Saints,
Like MOSES, DAVID, CASIMIR, CARSTAIRS,
Musicians, Poets, Priests, and Kings, commix'd,
Hymning, extatic, to the Eternal's Praise!
And, if the Pow'r Almighty and All-wise
Approve my Wish, I shall not wail the Loss
Of visual Orbs; tho', by thick Films suffus'd,
And painful Weakness, much I dread the Fate
Of MILTON, who with darken'd Eyes, but Mind
Illumin'd bright, in Verse unchim'd, the Dictates

Of

Of Heav'n proclaim'd to Men, prodigious Bard!

When under Turf or Stone my Corps is laid,

(Both equal to me then!) I shall not care,

Nor know, what Men say of my Works and Me.

Words are but Wind, in *Latin* or in *Greek*.

Yet for the Satisfaction of the Few,

Who wish my Memory well, may what is said

Be good, tho' little: I'd have honest Fame,

However small! and let my noble STAIR,

ARGYLE, or WALPOLE, HAMILTON, BALFOUR,

Or LAWDERDALE, KILMOREY, or the King,

(For *Poets* are the great Concern of all!

And

54 *The* SHOE-HEEL:

And all to *Mitchell* Patrons are confess'd !)

My sacred Bones depofite in the Ifle,

To *Bards* devoted ; and a decent Tomb,

Near * *PHILIPS*, raife, with Epitaph deferv'd :

Or, if in *Caledonian* Climes I drop,

(For I not yet forfee my Place of Death.)

At † *Ratbo*, mix'd with kindred Clay, I'd reft

Beneath a Marble Stone, infcrib'd *J. M.*

To

* The Monument of Mr. JOHN PHILIPS in WESTMINSTER ABBY.

† The Name of the *Parish* and *Village* where the Author was born in *North-Britain*.

To tell Posterity whose Dust lies there.
No richer Epitaph I court! what Profit
Cou'd studied Phrases bring my mouldring Part?
And, for my Soul, it then wou'd have no Leisure,
Howe'er dispos'd in Realms of Bliss or Woe,
To mind what's written, or what Men might say.

Thus, in continu'd *Rhapsody*, I've sung
Philipian Verse, unknowing ev'ry Line
What next shou'd follow: Inspiration strange!
Thus holy Men, in early Christian Times,

Careless

Careless of a To-morrow, took no Thought

What then shou'd happen, and were blest'd of

Heav'n.

F I N I S.



